

2ND. COPY

TWO COPIES RECEIVED

VOL. XLIII. No. 1097.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, March 16th, 1898.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

Copyright, 1898, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



# Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



THE RUSSIAN-FRENCH ALLIANCE.

COPYRIGHT 1898 BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMAN.



#### HIS FATE.

"Ah! Here's a report that one of those Arctic explorers has come to grief."  
 "What has happened to him?"  
 "Well, he's on a lecture tour, and they say he's stranded in Wisconsin!"

#### HIS VIEWS.

FIRST CITIZEN. — I hope the Legislature won't make any changes in the Charter.

SECOND CITIZEN. — Don't you admit that the Charter has defects?

FIRST CITIZEN. — Plenty of them. I don't want to see the number increased.

#### AN EXCEPTIONAL CASE.

"He's rather timid, is he not?"

"Very. Why, he's so timid that he's scared by war scares!"



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY KEPLER & SCHWABHANN

#### HOW THE SCANDAL STARTED.

MISS REDDING. — I declare! I believe it is a fact that Reggie Dunsap sent his man to propose to Miss Rosebud for him.

PRUVN. — No; that's only gossip. I know the facts. He merely sent him afterward to ask the old man's consent.

#### THE POINT OF VIEW.



THE DOMINIE. — You don't know how pleased I am to see you so regular in attendance at church since the beginning of Lent. In these end-of-the-century days, too many of you young ladies follow in the footsteps of your rather worldly brothers and try to be what you call up to date.

MARJORIE. — I'm afraid I've been awfully bad, but this Lent I am going to be just as good as I can be. I don't mean that I am merely going to attend your services regularly, but I am resolved to be as ascetic as an anchorite of old. I observe all the fasts, and I have given up my novels, the theatre, and all the other little vices I used to think were necessary to make life worth living.

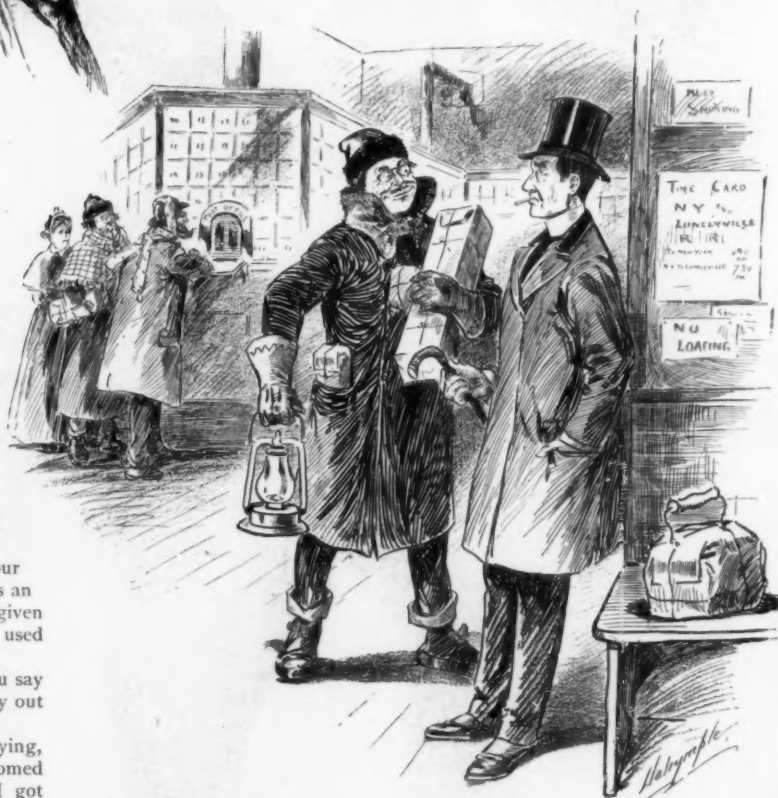
THE DOMINIE. — I can't tell you how delighted I am to hear you say so. If you really have faith, the Lord will give you strength to carry out your good intentions.

MARJORIE. — I hope so, for I must admit it has been rather trying, so far. At first I thought it would n't be hard at all after I got accustomed to it, but it seems to grow more difficult day by day. Last night I got thinking about it, and it seemed as if I could n't hold out any more.

THE DOMINIE. — Have faith, my dear girl, and persevere! Just think how you will profit in the end!

MARJORIE. — That's all that sustains me — thinking of the profits. You know the gentleman I'm engaged to made a wager of one hundred dollars with Papa that I could n't hold out. Now, if Papa wins, I'm to get one-half of the money, all for myself, to spend just as I like at Easter.

James Jay O'Connell.



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY KEPLER & SCHWABHANN

#### LONELYVILLE WAYS.

MR. CITILY (of the city, visiting the ISOLATES, of Lonelyville). — What, in thunder, makes them so slow in assorting and handing out the mail? — it has been in for over an hour!

MR. ISOLATE (suavely). — Oh! Lizzie MacCracken, the daughter of our genial station-agent and postmaster, is collecting stamps, and it takes her some little time to soak them off the letters.





## Candid Confession.

FAIR PHYLLIS, when I celebrate  
Thy wondrous beauty in my verse,  
Thy graces rare enumerate  
And lovingly thy charms rehearse,

Pray deem not that my ardor high,  
My fervent love, doth lead my muse  
Thy loveliness to magnify,  
Or overpay thy beauty's dues.

Nay, e'en my highest praises fail,  
So feeble is my muse's flight;  
And brightest fires of fancy pale  
Beside thy beauty's wondrous light.

Yet, one poor merit may my muse,  
At least, my Phyllis, justly claim:  
Industriously doth she diffuse,  
And faithfully, thy beauty's fame;

For when rent's due and duns assail,  
And inspiration there is not,  
These songs of love they never fail—  
They help the poet boil the pot!

S. J. Macdonald.



COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY KEFFLER & SCHWABZMANN

### PERSEVERANCE.

No lagging 's by the Fates allowed,  
The head that plans gets hardest raps,  
And he with ginger rich endowed  
Picks up the best of Fortune's snaps.

### AT THE FARCE COMEDY.

SHE.—I don't understand what the detective  
is supposed to be doing.

HE.—I guess he 's looking for the plot.

WHEN SOME men do get in on the ground  
floor of a good thing they kick because  
there is no elevator.

### A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.

EDITOR.—I am afraid it would n't be safe to  
print that.

CONTRIBUTOR (*apologetically*).—I thought  
perhaps it would be all right for the Sunday  
edition.

### HE EXPLAINS.

HIS WIFE.—What does it mean when they  
say "money is easy?"

BUSINESS MAN.—That merely means, my  
dear, that other people have it to spare.

SOME PEOPLE are so charitable that they had  
rather give the devil his due than anyone else.

### QUITE SATISFIED.

She takes no meat in Lent,  
But gets there just the same;  
For she is quite content  
With simply Cupid's game.

### SOFTENING THE BLOW.

MADLINE (*indignantly*).—He said I was an  
old flame of his? The idea!

JULIA (*soothingly*).—Oh! I don't think he  
meant that you were old at *that* time.

A FINANCIER is a man who can make a  
theory pay dividends.

### A CONSUMMATED VOW.



Time—LAST AUGUST.

He was a ribbon salesman in a great department store, who was  
spending his vacation of two weeks at the seaside. He met a beau-  
tiful heiress, and made a vow that he would have her cash. His offer  
of marriage was scorned, but —



Time—THE PRESENT.

—he still remembered his vow, and the other day he fulfilled it.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY KEFFLER & SCHWABZMANN

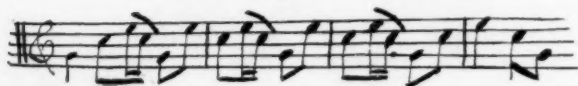
PUCK.



BY WILLISTON FISH.

Copyright, 1897, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.—All rights reserved.

### XIII.—ALMERON DOLLETT.



REVEILLE WAS SOUNDING. It is the call which, with a burst of brawling clamor, ushers in the morning, and, caring not whether it brings joy or sorrow, cries simply, "You have lived till another day!" To Lieutenant Almeron Dollett reveille did not mean that he had lived till another day, but simply that he had to go to reveille. He feebly rebelled, rose and went out. As he went down the line, shivering with the cold of the December morning, he was joined by Hall and McVay. "How are you Doll?" said Hall; "always officer of the day now?"

"Oh! let the man sleep!" said McVay.

"Only once a week," retorted Dollett; "I believe McVay has to turn out every morning."

"Oh! well, brace up!" said Hall; "duty will soon be lighter. News last night; three new companies coming."

"Indeed!" rejoined Dollett, skeptically. They were passing the quarters of Major Manningtree, and Hall felt a sort of sentimental happiness; not on account of Manningtree, who weighed 300 pounds, but of Julia M., who weighed 120. Now Dollett had cast sheep's eyes at the house since Julia returned from school in June.

"I should think, Doll," said Hall, "that you'd get married. I thought we had you married last Winter."

"Oh, you did!" said Dollett; "and just last Winter!"

"For that matter, the Winter before, also."

"Hoh!" said Dollett.

"For that matter," said McVay, "back at Fort Trumbull."

"You run Doll too much," said McVay, when Dollett had sheered off; "some day he'll tell you to mind your business."

"My business? Well, I've lost \$75 on him!"

McVay laughed heartily, for he had won Hall's losings.

"You won't have a chance to lose on him again. Yellow Ochre will never come back."

Hall, meditating deeply on this insignificant matter, for there was nothing else at the post to wonder about, at first agreed; but, meditating still more deeply, changed his mind. "With the new companies coming, the Colonel's wife will have her niece out again."

The garrison conceived that the Colonel's wife had set pitfalls for Dollett; and, watching that blind lieutenant walk about them, and wondering when he would fall into them had been a merry sport. Miss Harriet Oker had known Dollett at Fort Trumbull, and since then she had twice journeyed to Snelling to spend the Winter. Each Winter Hall had bet in the mess that Dollett would be "corralled," and on both occasions people of judgment had said that he had a good bet. Nevertheless, though Dol-

lett's attentions were always exclusive and uninterrupted, each Winter had passed into Spring, and the day had been set for Harriet's return without rousing Dollett to make a sign; and Harriet had departed, and Hall had paid his bet. It must be admitted that Dollett had given Hall and the garrison no little offence.

However wide of the mark Hall had been in his prognostication concerning Dollett, his prediction concerning the Colonel's wife was exact. It was but a day or two before she wrote her sister:

*"It is the wish of the General and I to do what we can for Harriet, and we shall be glad to have her come to us again for the Winter; new officers are coming who will make her visit pleasant, and it will be more*



*interesting than that little Fort Trumbull. . . . The old officers remain the same, but I think that she is not interested in them. Mr. Hall is still here, but engaged, we hear, to a captain's daughter."*

By the "General" Mrs. Birdseed intended Colonel Birdseed, whom she promoted on account of excessive merit. Manningtree was a major only by brevet, and Mrs. B. reduced him to his proper rank.

So Harriet came again. She had led a dull life, and had no doubt seemed dull in it; but in secret she was an admirer of *chic* and elegance. Even with her aunt's letter advising her of the social improvement in the Western garrison, she began to take on a different air. Arrived at the post, she saw herself surrounded by new gayety and lightness. It is true that the new officers were all of the Colonel's own regiment; and it may be that their attentions to Harriet were paid out of compliment to their chief; but handsome young men were enlivened when Harriet spoke; they spurred their wits to make reply. Presently faint roses bloomed in Harriet's cheeks, and, surer evidence of her satisfaction, there was a tantalizing coquettish indifference in her voice and manner.

During the few days that Harriet's pride was growing, Dollett's pride was growing, too. Now, Dollett, though generally silent in company, grown so by silent ridicule, was, nevertheless, when alone, an exceedingly social man; and about this time he talked with himself.

"A man ought to look around. This settling down at a post—never

(Continued on 14th page, this number.)



AN IMPLEMENT.



UPID, MINUS paint brush,  
Wished to paint her cheek.  
He, with quick precision,  
Did her lover seek.

By the arm he got him.  
"Come!" said he, "Be rash!  
Consequences? Pish! Tush!  
Lend me your mustache."

Tom Masson.

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

"Oh! she's a selfish thing!"  
"No?"  
"Why, I believe she's selfish enough to wear  
spikes in her shoes at a bargain sale!"

ONE-HALF the world does n't know how the other half lives  
on its husband's salary.



DISCORD.

"Confound it! Every time I start to practice that baby next door  
commences to yell!"

THE MOST PLEASANT ONE.

INQUIRING FRIEND.—Which is the best route to the Klondike?  
RETURNING KLONDIKER (*hoarsely*).—The one coming home!

A WORK OF NECESSITY.

ROBINSON.—Do you open that burglar-proof compart-  
ment in your safe every day?

TOMPKINS.—Yes.

ROBINSON.—To see if all your securities are there?

TOMPKINS.—No; so that I won't forget the combination.

"LIVES OF great men all remind us we can make  
our lives sublime;" but in five minutes or  
so we forget all about it.

MOST PEOPLE are not content merely to draw  
their own inferences; they have to color  
them as well.

MANY THINGS that are not worth while bring  
a much higher price.

A GOOD DIGESTION gives a man confidence in himself  
and a bad one destroys his confidence in other people.



FOILED.

PROFESSOR SLITEOFHAND.—Ladies and gentlemen, I am obliged  
to state that the mind-reading test will have to be dispensed with this even-  
ing, as the subject persists in thinking in dialect.

VERY SILLY.

ASKINS.—How did you feel?

GRIMSHAW.—I felt as foolish as a man with long whiskers looks rid-  
ing a bicycle.

THE VERNAL MIRACLE.

DIBBS.—Any signs of Spring out in your suburb?

GIBBS.—Yes; my wife has quit nagging me to wear ear-muffs.

[N SUMMING up Eve's joyful spell,  
One fact is overlooked;  
She never heard her Adam tell  
The way his mother cooked.



A NATURAL PREFERENCE.

MISS SIMPATIGUE.—But posterity will surely do you justice.

D'OYLES.—Perhaps; but I should much prefer to be present at my trial.

### HIS PROBABLE IDENTITY.

“**T**HE identity of this petrified man has never been fully established, ladies and gentlemen, and perhaps never will be,” said the museum orator, indicating the still, stony figure which lay on its back with its facial orifice agape and an expression of extreme surprise on its rocky countenance; “but, from the fact that it was discovered in Kentucky, with its mouth open, it is believed to be the remains of some Northern man who was petrified by the refusal of a titled son of the Dark and Bloody Ground to take a drink with him.”

### A BAD USE.

The press is powerful, for though  
We do not think it meet,  
A paper always shields a man  
Who wants to keep his seat.

THE OCTOROON may be regarded as a fair specimen of the African race.

### JACKO'S REVENGE.

资料来源：根据《中国统计年鉴》、《中国农村统计年鉴》和《中国人口统计年鉴》有关数据整理。



I.  
MOTHER.—There, Baby, stop crying ! Here is a big piece of bread and molasses for you.

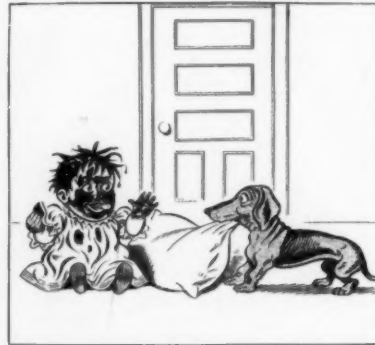


II.

BABY.—No; go away from here. You don't get any of my bread and molasses.



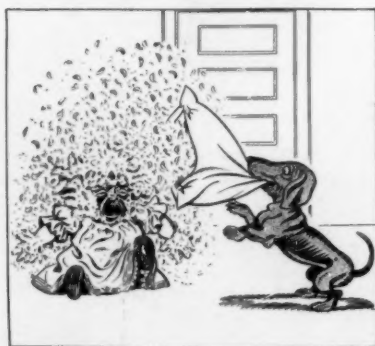
III.  
JACKO.—The big pig! He's got enough molasses on his face and hands to satisfy my hunger, and yet he won't give me a drop.



IV.  
"The glutton! I'll make him wish he had given me some. He's got that molasses smeared all over his face and hair and hands. Wait till I give this pillow a few shakes."



V.  
"Now, if I can only rip open this pillow.  
Ah! there she goes! Out come the feathers!"



VI.  
"Oh, say! He's Mama's 'Birdie' now,  
you bet!"



VII.  
" ——— | ——— | | ——— | | | "



SHE PAINTED.

JACK REDDING.—There's that Miss Carmine. They say her face is her fortune.  
MISS CUTTYNGE.—Then she ought to be arrested for counterfeiting.

A WALKING WONDER.

BUNGS (*admiringly*).—That fellow, Pufftyre, is certainly a record-breaker. He rode to Bangtown, forty-eight miles distant, on his wheel—

WILKINS.—And broke the bicycle record, I suppose?

BUNGS.—No; but he broke his wheel in Bangtown, and walked all the way home, with his bike on his shoulder, in less than thirteen hours. He has just been awarded a medal for pedestrianism.

IT is still very easy for a man to make a fool of himself; the raw material is quite as accessible as ever, and there is polite society, which is in the nature of labor-saving machinery.

HALF THE  
world does  
n't know why  
the other half  
lives.



PUCK.



# PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, March 16, 1898.—No. 1097.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—The contents of Puck are protected by copyright in both the United States and Great Britain. Infringement of this copyright will be promptly and vigorously prosecuted.

PUCK'S Illustrations can be found only in PUCK'S Publications.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE WAY WE DO IT. THE HISTORY that has been making for the past month on this little whirling ball has thrown some new light upon an old truth. It is that a republican form of government does not make a republic. France has shown that the mere form of republicanism is meaningless if the republic does not exist in the minds of the people. The brazen overturning of justice in the Zola affair, including the events that led up to it, tells with a plainness impossible to mistake that France is a republic in pretense only. In spirit she is a monarchy. She parades the legislative machinery of a republic, but the King is still its motive power. The people affect to think for themselves, but still bow down to him. Nor is the King less imperious, less jealous of his kingly authority, less contemptuous of his subjects' rights than in the days when he was an outer as well as an inner reality.

The "honor of the army" concerning which our French cousins have been weeping and cursing and tearing hair and perverting truth is the same old "honor of the King" which they cut off so many heads to abolish. It will continue to live until a republic is built in their minds; and while it lives they will continue to astound the world with just such exhibitions as the one in hand: the government will conspire with the people's full approval, to hide truth which every one has seen, to punish the innocent in place of the guilty, all for that false, middle-age ideal which is to preserve honor by looking the other way in the presence of dishonor. France is the arch-hypocrite among nations in pretending, after Zola's conviction,

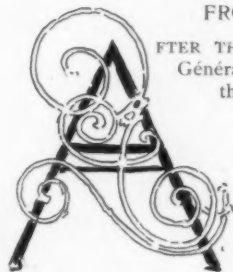
to be anything but a monarchy. Across the channel from her is a so-called monarchy a thousand times more republican in its spirit and in its practice.

While France, crazed with the knowledge of her own wrongdoing, has been behaving so as to suggest an epidemic of hysteria in a girl's boarding-school, the people of the United States have been proving that where a republic is built in the minds of the people no blow from without can interfere with its orderly expression. Every American citizen who compares the recent behavior of his own country with that of France will feel a new sense of security and a new sense of pride in the system of which he is a part. The "honor" for which France has disgraced herself in the eyes of the whole world is an irresponsible and meaningless thing. The "honor of the country" for which we contend here is a personal matter with every single man of us. Every citizen is responsible to himself and to his fellows for the keeping of that honor. That is what makes a republic.

It is this state of affairs, the existence of a genuine republic in the minds of the people, that has enabled us to suspend judgment at a very trying time, in a matter coming nearer home to us than almost any other could have done. It has held the public mind fairly open to evidence and resolved not to act without evidence. And yet it has not, in the least imaginable degree, lessened the energy with which action would be taken, if the facts showed it to be demanded. Not all of our citizens, of course, have reasoned themselves to this understanding. There will always be hot-headed ones who lack a clear conception of their responsibility, and who hastily assume the national honor to consist in a readiness to fight, for any cause, good or bad. Nevertheless this is the rock upon which our system is built, and the cool-headed ones who know they know it vastly outnumber the hot-headed ones who do not take the time nor the pains to find out that they know it.

A nation like Spain might also fail to comprehend this truth. With centuries of monarchical tradition back of her, Spain might easily mistake that deliberation, which justice to ourselves demands, for a timorous reluctance to act even in a just cause. She may not have divined that a free and united people does not act from caprice, as a King might, but that it has to have material before it makes its decision. She may believe that a determination to make no unjust war implies a fear to make just war. But we are not concerned with any such possible mistake of hers. If she is making it she is destined, of course, to acquire information that will both startle and edify her. The price to be paid for it lies entirely with her, up to this writing.

## FROM THE REPORT OF A FRENCH TRIAL.



AFTER THE examination of the first witness, the Procureur-Général offered to sing the Marseillaise for the benefit of the jury and the spectators. The counsel for the defence objected to this as immaterial and irrelevant. The President of the Tribunal sternly rebuked the counsel for the defence, stating it as the judicial opinion that the Marseillaise is never immaterial or irrelevant. (*Applause and cries of "Vive la France!" "Sacré bleu!" etc.*)

The counsel for the defence immediately challenged the President of the Tribunal to fight a duel for construing his remarks into a reflection on the Marseillaise. The President of the Tribunal accepted the challenge and expressed his willingness to fight there and then. This being agreeable to the counsel for the defence, pistols were brought and the duel passed off pleasantly. The President of the Tribunal and the counsel for the defence then embraced and wept over each other's shoulders. There were cries in the court room of "Mille tonnerres!" and "A bas Li Hung Chang!"

The trial was then resumed.

The counsel for the defence further objected to the proposal of the Procureur-Général to sing the Marseillaise on the ground that the Procureur-Général's voice was wretched and the national anthem would be murdered. The Procureur-Général replied hotly that the national anthem could not be murdered. "The Marseillaise is immortal!" he cried with fine dramatic effect. (*Tremendous enthusiasm in the court room. Shouts of "Vive le Procureur-Général!" "Bon garçon!" "A la bonne heure!" etc.*)

The gendarmes then cleared the court room.

## TOO MUCH SO.

FRED.—So your engagement is a secret?

ARTHUR.—I should say so! Why, she won't let me even tell her father!

## ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

LITTLE AMOS.—What is a hypochondriac?

FARMER DUNK.—Oh! that's jest another name for a Populist.



## SURPRISING.

THE YOUNG KENTUCKIAN.—Father, little Jack Horner is the most ignorant boy in our class.

COLONEL OLD BRAND.—Is he?

THE YOUNG KENTUCKIAN.—Yes, indeed! The teacher asked to-day how many gallons in a barrel, and he did n't know.



MR. FROZENOUT (*desperately*).—I don't know where our next dollar is coming from.

MRS. FROZENOUT.—Oh! don't bother me about trifles! I don't know where our next ancestor is coming from; and a brand-new order to be organized next week, too!



FOND MOTHER.—Don't you think he takes after his father's line? Don't you detect a resemblance to the Saxon king, Swatzenheimer, A. D. 137?

FAMILY FRIEND.—Not a bit of it, my dear! He is the perfect image of the Emperor Suzzleslopper, your *own* progenitor.



NOT IN HIS CLASS.

MANAGER.—Here is a challenge from Kid McSlugg.

CHAMPION PUGILIST.—Nonsense! Tell him to go and get an ancestry. Why, the slob don't even belong to the Sons of the Revolution yet!

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY KEPPLE & SCHWARZMANN.



AGENT (*to Mrs. Farmer* W. these elegant oil paintings of you the Baronial Dames, for only one



AMERICA'S REAL ORDER OF THE D



Will it come to this?

THE ANCESTRAL SNO  
HOW IT IS BORN, WHAT IT FEEDS ON,





A BARGAIN.

to MRS. FARMER WHIFFLETREE).—Only think, Madam! Six of oil paintings of your ancestors, and a certificate of membership in Dames, for only one dollar—payable in advance.



DER OF THE DESCENDANTS OF KINGS.



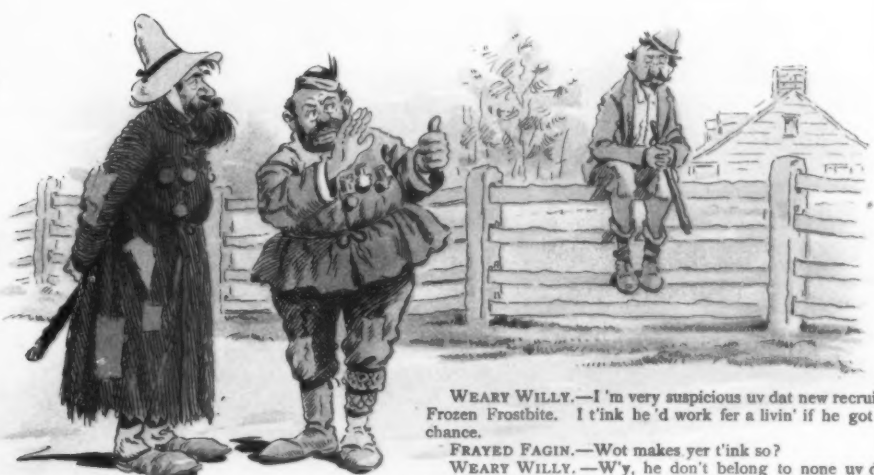
it come to this?

TRAL SNOBBERY-MICROBE.

IT FEEDS ON, AND WHAT IT MAY COME TO.



OLD MILLVINS (*complacently*).—Ah! my son; you don't know how to appreciate the luxuries you enjoy. When I was your age I did n't have a dollar nor a single ancestor; and, *now*, look at me!

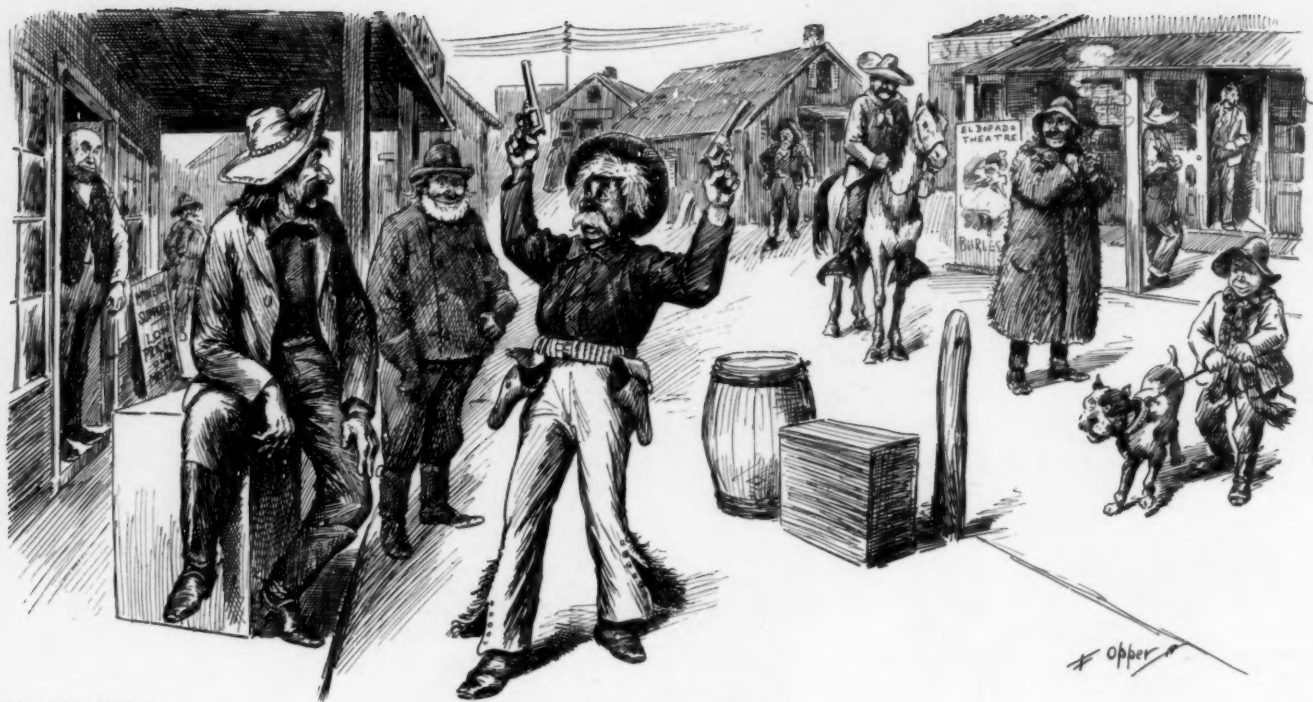


WEARY WILLY.—I'm very suspicious uv dat new recruit, Frozen Frostbite. I t'ink he'd work fer a livin' if he got a chance.

FRAYED FAGIN.—Wot makes yer t'ink so?  
WEARY WILLY.—W'y, he don't belong to none uv de ancestral societies, an' says he don't t'ink he's got any royal blood in his veins at all!



MOTHER.—So the geneologist has traced us back to King Sevenbottles? Ha! that is something to be proud of—but most of those old kings had nicknames; did our progenitor have a nickname?  
DAUGHTER.—Yes, Mama; they called him the "Jolly Bachelor."



COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY KEFFLER & SCHWARTZMAN

#### AN IMPLIED THREAT.

"WHOOP! I'M A WOLF!" asserted Polecat Pete, in a resonant and blood-shot voice, as he came careering down the street, waving a couple of unscrupulous-looking revolvers recklessly in the air. "This is my night to howl! Whoop! Ki-whoop!"

"Say it is?" inquired Alkali Ike, carelessly.

"You bet yer life!" retorted the first speaker, ferociously. "I'm a mean hog an' don't keer wur I root! I'm a woolly hoss! I'm bad medicine an' hard to take!"

"Don't say so?" returned the Alkali citizen, without interest.

"Yes, I do! I'm bad! I'm pizon! I'm a stingin'-lizard! I'm out fer trouble, an' my name is Kizer and I don't give a dam!"

"H'm-yes!" answered Ike, calmly. "Have them thar guns that you are flourishin' so lavishly got sights on 'em?"

"Yes!"

"Wal, then, take a friend's advice an' git 'em filed off."

"What in roarin', sizzlin' torment do I want 'em filed off for?"

"Aw, jest so 's they won't hurt you so bad when some peaceful gent that has got tired o' hearin' your rallakaboo ketches you by the scurf o' the neck an' makes you eat 'em. That 's all!"

T. P. M.

#### HEALTH OF WESTERN FARMERS.

HARRIMAN HATTAN.—I see Chicago claims the smallest death rate of any city in the country.

RICHMOND BURROUGH.—Yes; rural life is generally admitted to be more conducive to longevity than city life.

#### EXPENSIVE EDIBLES.

"Did you lose any valuables when that burglar got into your flat?"

"Valuables? He stole a folding mince-pie that cost thirty-five cents."

#### EXPENSIVE ECONOMY.

MRS. BROWN (after shopping).—Mrs. Smith manages to get *such* bargains and so many of them!

BROWN.—Oh, well, I suppose money is no object with her.

#### HIS IDEA OF IT.

"Davy, what 's the use of calendars?"

"So 's we won't miss the Fourth of July."

#### HIS IMPRESSION.

"What does 'cult' mean?"

"I think 'cult' is Bostonese for 'fad.'"

#### HIS PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

FIRST PROHIBITIONIST.—I think we ought to do a great deal of missionary work among the janitors.

SECOND PROHIBITIONIST.—Why among the janitors?

FIRST PROHIBITIONIST.—My dear sir, if we could convert them the people in the flats would n't dare to drink.

#### OH, SAY!

EDITOR.—The metre in this poem is defective.

CONTRIBUTOR.—I meant it to be;—the poem is entitled, "The charge of the Gas Company."



COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY KEFFLER & SCHWARTZMAN

#### EVIDENTLY INEXPERIENCED.

GLADYS.—What are youse writing, Beatrice?

BEATRICE.—A composition on "love."

GLADYS (chucking a sigh).—Oh, Beatrice, it 's very evident youse knows very little about dat terrible passion, if youse kin chew gum and grin wilst writing about it!



# A PICTURE AND A FRAME.

LIKE A PICTURE without frame  
In that gown of lavender,  
Down the hall-stairs Phyllis came,  
Just a moment to confer  
One small favor on the swain  
Ever following in her train.

Ah! the smile upon her face  
Would have given Venus fame!  
Furbelows and filmy lace,  
Like a picture without frame!  
I, enamoured of her charms,  
Quickly framed her in my arms!  
*Harold MacGrath.*



Copyright, 1898, by Kiepler & Schwarzmann

# SHE WILL MEET HER MATCH.

FIRST CITIZEN.—If Germany persists in excluding our goods we can retaliate.

SECOND CITIZEN.—Of course! If Germany thinks she can outdo us in that sort of foolishness she'll find herself greatly mistaken.

# AN EXCUSE.

"It is said that Dingley wears hats made in London."

"Perhaps he imports them to help keep down the Dingley deficit."

# READY TO ARRANGE THE AFFAIR.

HICKS.—I see that the last battle in Cuba was a sort of fizzle.

WICKS.—Yes; there was nobody on the ground but the war correspondents.

# HE GOT RID OF IT.

FRIEND.—So you have been re-elected. I thought you said you were weary of the cares of office.

OFFICE-HOLDER.—Well, between you and me, the "care of office" that bothered me most was the worry I went through as to whether I'd get another term.

# A PREREQUISITE.

FIRST CITIZEN.—It was an outrage for de Lome to express such sentiments.

SECOND CITIZEN.—Yes, indeed! If a foreigner wants to say things like that about the President he ought to take out naturalization papers.

# THE REWARD OF MERIT.

FIRST HEELER.—He ought to git me a job. I voted for him six times.

SECOND HEELER.—Gee! He ought to git you two jobs.

# THE FOUNTAIN OF THEIR WOES.

HIRAM OATCAKE.—I read that they are predictin' another crop failure in India. That'll give us a little more prosperity.

HENRY HARROW.—Yes; but I'll bet some of them foreigners feel like assassinatin' McKinley.

# SOMETIMES QUITE BIASED.

Europe's politics unto  
A chessboard, we compare,  
And yet it differs much in that  
It's seldom on the square.

# PROOF OF WEAKNESS.

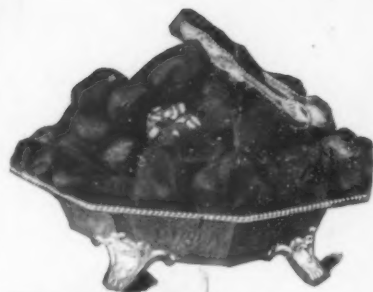
ISAACS.—A young man named Green vas abbyling for a bosition in mein shstore, andt he gives you as reference. Do you know him, Stickenheimer?

STICKENHEIMER.—Yes. He vas a goodt mans. He vas von of mein very pest gustomers for den years.

ISAACS (*in disgust*).—Ach! He gets not der bosition! I emblop no man vot is a fool!



Copyright, 1898, by Kiepler & Schwarzmann



# LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATE BONBONS.

"LOWNEY" ON EVERY PIECE.

Celebrated for their PURITY as well as for their DELICIOUS QUALITY AND DELIGHTFUL FLAVORS.

# A Trial Package for 10c. in Stamps.

When not to be had of dealers we will send on receipt of price: 1-lb. box 60c.; 2-lb. box \$1.20; 3-lb. box \$1.80; 5-lb. box \$3.00. Delivered FREE in the United States. Address all correspondence to

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., 100 PEARL ST., BOSTON.  
NEW YORK RETAIL STORE, 1123 Broadway, (25th St.)  
BOSTON RETAIL STORE, 415 Washington Street.

# Endwell Braces

are the best suspenders for

# careful dressers

A Perfect Combination of Comfort and Style.

Best Furnishers keep them.  
Sample Pair, mailed postpaid, 50 cents.

CHESTER SUSPENDER COMPANY  
No. 4, DECATUR AVE., ROXBURY, MASS.



# THE THREE CONQUERORS

Peace Hath Her Victories No Less Than War.

# GARFORD, HUNT AND BROWN Saddles

Are the Conquerors in the Great Contest for Popular favor.

Handsome Art Catalogue Free.

Garford Mfg. Co., 23 Pine St., Elyria, O.  
Hunt Mfg. Co., Westboro, Mass.  
Brown Saddle Co., 205 Cedar St., Elyria, O.



R. STEINECKE CO.  
MAKERS - NEW YORK

E. C. HAZARD & CO., Dist. Agents,  
119 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK.

# THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the  
Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not  
confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with  
one of a similar sounding name of a cheap  
grade.

Our name spells—  
**S-O-H-M-E-R**  
New York SOHMER BUILDING  
Warerooms, Fifth Ave., Cor. 22d St.

## SCROFULA.

One of America's most fa-  
mous physicians says: "Scrofu-  
la is external consumption." Scrofulous children are often  
beautiful children, but they  
lack nerve force, strong bones,  
stout muscles and power to  
resist disease. For delicate  
children there is no remedy  
equal to

### Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil with Hypo-  
phosphites of Lime and Soda.  
It fills out the skin by putting  
good flesh beneath it. It makes  
the cheeks red by making rich  
blood. It creates an appetite  
for food and gives the body  
power enough to digest it. Be  
sure you get SCOTT'S Emul-  
sion.

50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

## Hunter The American Gentleman's Whiskey

10 YEARS OLD **Baltimore**  
**Rye**



PURE AND MELLOW.

WM. LANAHAN & SON,  
BALTIMORE, MD.



PATRONIZE AMERICAN INDUSTRIES  
WEAR KNOX'S HATS  
MADE BY AMERICAN LABOR

### "THE BENEDICT"

(Trade-Mark) **Patent Collar and Cuff Button.**

None genuine except with the name "BENEDICT"  
and date of patent stamped upon it!

Strong, Durable, and can be Adjusted with Perfect Ease.

14 K't Gold.....\$1.75 and \$2.00 each.

10 K't Gold.....\$1.50 and \$1.75 each.

Rolled Gold and Silver at 50c. each.

Sent by mail on receipt of above prices.

**BENEDICT BROS., Jewelers,**

BROADWAY and CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.

Send for Full Descriptive Circular.

## VAN BIBBER

CIGARETTES

OR

LITTLE

CIGARS.

ALL IMPORTED

TOBACCO.

HIGHEST IN PRICE,

FINEST IN QUALITY.

25c. a Bundle,

10 in Bundle.

Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.

H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

We should have a society for doing good  
among the neglected rich.—*Ram's Horn.*



ARE YOU AN ALE DRINKER?

## Easy to Pay

PREMIUMS YEARLY, HALF YEARLY,  
QUARTERLY OR WEEKLY.

**The Prudential**  
INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA

LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES

For BOTH SEXES.

ALL AGES from 1 to 70.

From \$50,000 to \$15,000.

HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President

THE  
PRUDENTIAL  
HAS THE  
STRENGTH OF  
GIGANTAR

## BARKEEPER'S FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant,  
durable lustre, never spoils; guaranteed. Sold by  
dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

## EUROPE.

Excursions by first-class Lines  
March 19, April 16, 30, May 14,  
28, June 4, etc.

Tour to JAPAN leaves San Francisco March 22.

HOLY LAND and EGYPT party March 5.

Programmes free from

THOS. COOK & SON,  
261 and 1225 Broadway, New York.

## ELK RAZOR STROP



Sharpens razors quickest and best because of peculiar  
construction. Made of elk hide and tanned by special  
process, hones and strops at same time, gives an ideal  
edge, keeps razors in condition all the time. Barbers  
will quickly see its wonderful properties.

Sent for One Dollar.

Delivered anywhere in the United States.

Money refunded if not satisfactory.  
Send cash or Post-Office order to

NEW ENGLAND LEATHER CO.

33 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY KEFFLER & SCHWARZMAN

### A HARD JOB.

MRS. TOOLEY (*sympathetically*).—Shure, Mrs. Riley, it must be terrible  
wearing on yez to hov such a worthless, shiftless, drunken hoosband oz thot!  
MRS. RILEY.—It is, Mrs. Tooley. It kapes me continually fightin' wid the  
other women in the tinmint defending the good name of 'im.

## The Pink of Condition

comes from "training on"



**Vigoral**

Endorsed by the leading cyclists and athletes of the  
day as the ideal health drink—nourishing, refresh-  
ing, delicious. For the weak as well as the strong.

Prepared in a minute with cold or hot water.  
At druggists and grocers.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

"Various Views on Vigoral" mailed free.

As a matter of fact, nobody believes in a hell  
except for his neighbor.—*Ram's Horn.*

Nausea, colic, distress after eating. Abbott's  
Angostura Bitters relieves. Better still, the Bitters  
first. Best of all, Abbott's—the only original.

**SEN-SEN** THROAT EASE and BREATH PERFUME  
Good For Young and Old.  
Small packages for sale by mail for 5 cents in advance. SEN-SEN CO. DEPT. P. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

**THE NORTH SHORE LIMITED:** Leaves New York at 10.00 every morning via New York Central.  
Arrives at Chicago at 9.00 next morning via Michigan Central.





Golfers, Cyclists, Tennis-players, Athletes generally, feel the need of some kind of a "pick-me-up" after exercise.

## Liebig COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

is the ideal of a light, stimulating food-drink. Always ready and made instantly. A SMALL JAR GOES A LONG WAY.

Genuine has Blue Signature of

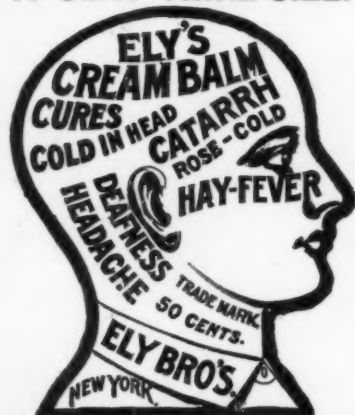
An attractive Cook-book sent free to housekeepers.  
Address Liebig Company, P. O. Box 2718, New York

*John Liebig*



Age, Illness, Care, cause WRINKLES. DERMATOLOGIST JOHN H. WOODBURY, 127 West 42nd St., New York, removes them. All diseases of the Skin and Scalp cured. 26 Years' practical experience. Send 20 cents for sample of each of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Facial Powder and Dental Cream.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST  
for a generous  
10 CENT TRIAL SIZE.



**ELY'S CREAM BALM**  
contains no cocaine, mercury nor any other injurious drug. It opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at once. 50 cts. at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size 10 cts. at Druggists or by mail.  
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York

**CANDY**

Send \$1.25, \$2.40, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,  
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,  
212 State St., Chicago.



EXCEPTIONALLY FORTUNATE.

"Then you've had a streak of luck at the race track?"  
"I should say so! I've won back over half of what I lost last week."

It warms you in the Winter, cools you in the Summer, and is good at all times. Cook's Imperial Champagne.

Ladies are greatly benefited by the use of Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters, the renowned South American tonic.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetiser, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

## CARSTAIRS RYE

A Century  
favorite

Formerly well known  
as the Original  
Monogram  
Whiskey.

CARSTAIRS, MC CALL & CO.  
PHILADELPHIA



HOUSE ESTABLISHED 1788.

## What Are Club Cocktails?



"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indispensable qualities.

Seven Varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, Whisky.

For sale by all first-class dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.  
Hartford, Conn. London.

39 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

1898  
"19 YEAR OLD"

## Rambler

BICYCLES

\$60

The highest high grade  
price that's fair

Agencies all over the world  
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.  
CHICAGO, BOSTON, WASHINGTON, NEW YORK  
BROOKLYN, DETROIT  
CINCINNATI, BUTTE, CLEVELAND, LANSING



20TH CENTURY ELECTRO VAPOR  
... LAUNCH ...

Seats 5, speed 6 miles, costs to run 1 1/2 cts. per hour. Guaranteed for one year or money refunded. PRICE, \$200. Send 10c. for large catalogue of Steam and Sail Yachts, Launches, etc., in steel, wood and aluminum.

RACINE BOAT MFG. CO., Lakeview, Racine, Wis.



## BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Equipments for Bands and Drum Corps. Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine Catalog, 400 Illustrations, mailed free; it gives Band Music & Instructions for Amateur Bands.  
LYON & HEALY, 31 Adams St., Chicago.

"PROTECTION" SOAP.—What is it?—ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR BARBER. WILLARD CHEMICAL CO., MALDEN, MASS.

A GERMICIDE FOR MEN AND WOMEN, AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR PILES, ECZEMA AND ALL SKIN TROUBLES. SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

## SHORT RATIONS.

(Continued from 4th page.)

seeing anybody—marrying the first one that comes along—too many men have done that. But Julia—that is a lovely girl. My friend, that is a lovely girl. The man that marries her makes no mistake. Suppose I do as Berry says: buy two hundred shares. Suppose it goes up only where it was—five points—one thousand dollars. I will take that and go East, in March." In his heart Dollett was an admirer of dash. He used to sit and dream of it.

One evening, some days after Harriet's coming, and when she was almost at the pitch of pride, a large hop was given. Many guests were present from St. Paul and Minneapolis who, with the officers and ladies of the Fort, filled with an animated throng the post hop-room, draped with flags and hung with arms and soldierly trophies. Dancing was about to begin, and the instruments of the band were talking little phrases to one another, and arriving at a harmonious understanding. In the midst of an animated group stood Harriet. Officers and civilians pressed about and seemed to clamor for dances. Dollett pushed forward. It must be

remembered that he had acquired new spirit. "I suppose an old friend may have a dance?"

he said, lightly; and he took the card, and, with Hall and McVay eying him

humorously, wrote down three dances. Old habit dictated the number.

"This is a much larger hop than we used to have," he observed. But Harriet was speaking with spirit to others.

When Dollett turned away, she reversed her pencil, and erased two of his dances. The vacant places were immediately filled, and old Manningtree, who asked for a

dance because he wished the Colonel to approve a leave of absence, was

the first man who ever heard Harriet Oker reply, "Too late!"

It was to her a night of triumph. She used her fan, granted and denied favors, received compliments, made

repartees, just as spoiled beauty does. Her success seemed complete and glorious,

and it continued till late in the evening—when the men had discharged their social duty to the Colonel's niece.

Dollett had been called out on duty and detained till his dances were passed. He never knew that his name had been struck out. To Harriet, sitting with her aunt, he came with apologies, while she, looking for partners, heard him without attention. But when no one else came, she danced with Dollett, danced with him again, and, in truth, Dollett was relieved only when Manningtree, foreseeing the immediate termination of the hop, inquired with feeling, if young men only were to be favored.

"Oh! this is a sure thing," said Hall, when he saw the reestablishment of old relations. "A hundred that Dollett is taken—taken alive."

"I will think of it," said McVay, "and let you know to-morrow."

"Come in and have a nip," said McVay to Dollett, as they went home. "I am your huckleberry," observed Mr. Dollett.

"You are talking of a leave, Dollett?"

"Yes; I have stuck pretty close, but it don't do. These old officers that shut themselves up at a post get to be old fogies." And, after a second drink, Dollett even alluded to those quiet gentlemen as "mossbacks."

"Somebody ought to tell the old fungi to break away," said McVay; "but most of them have n't money to go with."

"It is easy enough to make money. I expect to make my expenses out of stocks. The way to do is to make money and spend it."

"Dead right," said McVay; "easy come—easy go." McVay was quite ready to gratify for the third time Hall's thirst for speculation. "Mind, I'm betting on a sure thing."

"Same here," replied Hall.

"You danced every dance, did you not, child?" asked Mrs. B.

"And so tired!" replied Harriet, proudly.

But a few days after the ball she was one afternoon arraying herself for the parlor. Having grown willful with everything, she was willful even with her toilet. But as she stood at the glass her face paled. The days that the new officers had remained away had grown into a significant

period. She completed her dressing without a willful touch. She was too familiar with neglect not to recognize it. One evening after this, Mrs. Birdseed said in her finest manner: "My dear, your hair needs a little re-touching." Then, drawn to look more closely, she saw that Harriet had grown sallow and forlorn. "Harriet, what is the matter?"

"I shall go home the first of the month," said Harriet.

But Mrs. B. would not consent to this retreat, and Harriet remained. The officers called but seldom. Dollett came, from habit, but he was changed with his aspirations. His broker had made him four hundred dollars, "and put him in again," as Dollett told McVay, "on a slump." Dollett spent an occasional evening at the Manningtrees. His success and his hopes gave him a fine sense of worldliness. But one day there was announced the engagement of Hall and Julia. The wedding was set for the next month. The suddenness of it made Dollett doubt his sagacity, especially when he found that the garrison had gossiped of the affair for months. Then Dollett turned his whole attention to money-making. One day he received this T. D.:

"Your stock sold; you have lost four hundred gain and twenty-five hundred principal; sorry market went that way. Berry."

The wedding was approaching. Mrs. Birdseed had, with courage, arranged that Harriet should go East with the bridal pair. It was the most graceful departure that suggested itself.

"Be a conscientious officer, while I am gone, Mack," said Hall.

"Gad! I wish I were going! Not with you; you have company!"

"We have a crowd."

"Yes; Yellow Ochre will go on a wedding trip, after all."

"I suppose we may as well settle our last bet," said Hall.

"Well, if you still think you have a chance of winning—"

Hall drew out his check-book. When he wrote "\$100" he said, "Confound Dollett!"

"Oh! Dollett's all right, if you understand him."

"Three Winters I have backed him with my money. And he has n't even proposed, the nebulous minded idiot!"

Everybody, after the morning wedding, was at the little station. A crowd was about Julia, and Mrs. Birdseed rallied as large a party as possible about Harriet. To Harriet the old officers expressed monstrous regret, saying craftily, that "it seems hard to lose two of our young ladies at the same time."

And Harriet, bearing up, replied with as little skepticism as she could manage. There was a bustle of adieux. Dollett, again officer of the day, his sword dragging at his loose belt, shook hands with Harriet, and said good-by. That was all; that was all he had to say. The train came in with a roar. Men who had bade Julia farewell remained by her, bawling unintelligibly; those who had bade adieu to Harriet were now justified in joining Julia. Harriet was almost deserted. She had more traps than she and the Colonel could manage. Dollett picked up a bag and followed. The party escorting Julia went with her to the steps of the car, and fell back to talk at the windows. Dollett helped Harriet up the steps. He had no decision. He retained her hand a moment; Harriet was brought to a pause on the second step. She looked back. "Stay," said Dollett.

"What did you say?" Harriet came down to the lower step. He repeated mechanically, "Stay." She stepped down on the ground. "I do not understand."

"Well—stay!"

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor. The train began to pull out. Mrs. Birdseed was excitedly asking what was the matter. Harriet took Dollett's nerveless hand, and said, "He has asked me to—"

Hall, looking out with Julia, saw the tableau. He drew a big breath. He rushed to the end of the train and cried "McVay!" Then he held up two fingers, and, as the train sped away, bawled louder, "Wire me two hundred to New York."







**THE COLUMBIA CHAINLESS MAKES HILL CLIMBING EASY PRICE \$125**

All Columbias are made of famous 5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> Nickel Steel Tubing—the strongest material known to the art.

**STANDARD OF THE WORLD**  
POPE MFG CO. HARTFORD, CONN.  
ART CATALOGUE OF COLUMBIA BICYCLES BY MAIL  
TO ANY ADDRESS FOR ONE TWO CENT STAMP.

**CHEW**

**Beeman's**

The Original

**Pepsin Gum**

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.  
All Others Are Imitations.

At this season of the year your health urgently demands a Southern trip if you have the money.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

**BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS**



**Before you Dye** see that you have the dye that colors a perfect black or brown, without injurious results.

**Buckingham's Dye** for the hair and whiskers can be always depended on. Prepared by R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

## KLONDIKE

Are you going to the "Klondike?" Do you want to know how to get there? Write S. K. HOOPER, G. P. & T. A., D. & R. G. R. R., Denver, Colo., for a delightfully illustrated pamphlet devoted to this subject.

"Standard of Highest Merit."

## FISCHER PIANOS.

THE NEW SCALE Fischer, yields a wonderfully pure quality of Tone, combined with great power and resonance; it stamps the Fischer Piano with an individuality that no other Piano possesses.

58 Years Established.  Use improves it.

BY OUR NEW METHOD of Easy Payments every home, although it be one of moderate income, is enabled to possess a High Grade Piano. Pianos delivered to all parts of the United States. Catalogues, terms and all particulars, mailed free on application.

Over 103,000 Fischer Pianos have been manufactured. No other Piano approaches this record.

**OFFICES AND FACTORIES:**  
417-433 West 28th Street, N. Y.  
**RETAIL WAREHOUSES:**  
33 Union Square-West, N. Y.

## THE PRICE

is not the only thing that has made



## POPULAR

No finer wheels in looks or quality. Crescent beauty speaks for itself.

Descriptive Catalogue FREE

Chicago **WESTERN WHEEL WORKS** New York

THE easiest kind of advice to follow is the kind we had intended to follow, anyway.—*Washington Democrat.*

Do not let the clerk sell you any other camera under the name of "Kodak."

There is no

## Kodak

but the Eastman Kodak.

**\$5.00 to \$25.00.**

Catalogues free at Kodak agencies or by mail.

**EASTMAN KODAK CO.**

Rochester, N. Y.



IT'S A PACKAGE

...OF...  
**"S&H" VIOLETS**



THE ARISTOCRATIC PERFUME FOR THE BREATH  
Containing Pepsin, it not only sweetens the breath, but also stimulates digestion. . . .  
You can find a package at all Druggists or by sending stamps to THE SEARLE & HERETH CO. 79 WELLS STREET, CHICAGO

**HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE.**

22, 34 and 36 Bloeker Street, NEW YORK.  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.  
All kinds of Paper made to order.

"You say your friend broke her wheel?"  
"No; only her arm."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

## Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are more durable and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

\$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cts., post free from all stationers, or wholesale of

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 95 William St., EDWARD KIMPTON, 45 John St.,

TOWNE MFG. CO., 306 Broadway, New York.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., 715 Market Street, Philadelphia.

HOOPER, LEWIS & CO., 6 Milk Street, Boston.

A. C. MOLLER & CO., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

BROWN BROS., Ltd., 46 King Street, Toronto.

## The Right Route to Klondike.

Whether you select the all water route by way of St. Michaels, or the overland route via Dyer, Skagway, Copper River, Yukon or Stikine, you must first reach a Pacific port of embarkation.

THE RIO GRANDE WESTERN RAILWAY in connection with the D. & R. G. or Colorado Midland Ry. is the short, direct, and popular route to San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma or Seattle. Through sleeping cars and free reclining chair cars from Denver to San Francisco and Denver to Portland. Choice of three routes thro' the Rockies and the most magnificent scenery in the world. Write to L. B. EVELAND, Traveling Passenger Agent, 216 West Ninth Street, Kansas City, or F. A. WADLEIGH, G. P. A., Salt Lake City, for rates and copy of Klondike folder.

## Arnold Constable & Co.

Spring and Summer

**Dress Fabrics,**

French Barège, Grenadine, Nun's Veiling, Velours Russe and Camel Hair Fabrics,

Homespun, Poplins, Suitings,

Plain and Printed Challies,

Plaids, French Robes.

**Broadway & 19th St.**

NEW YORK.

No successful man or woman ever colored their facts or their complexion.—*Adams Freeman.*

If you can't swim, never wade in unknown waters.—*Ram's Horn.*

## Three Months of Bad Weather

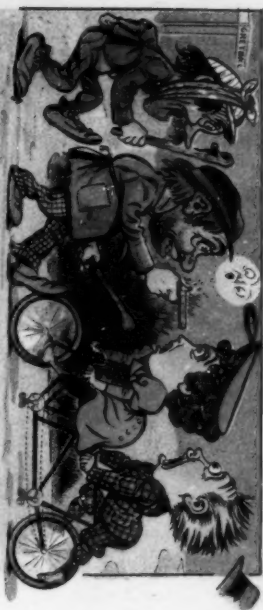
Can be avoided by spending the time in Southern California, leaving on the California Limited via the Santa Fe.

W. J. BLACK, G.P.A. C. A. HIGGINS, A.G.P.A.  
Topeka, Kan. Chicago.

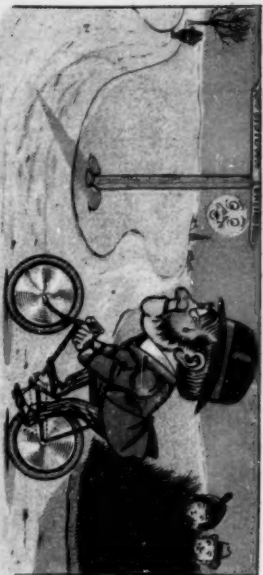




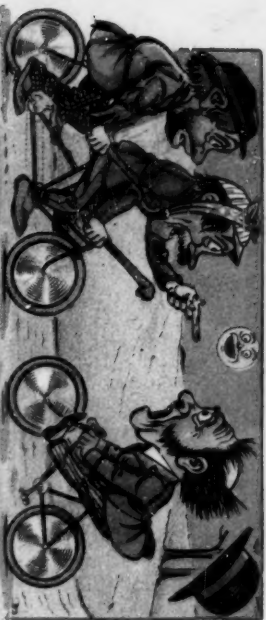
MISS WHEELER.—O Reginald! we must hurry; we must away. I hear father stirring around the house; I am sure he suspects something.



TORON TATERS.—(and his partner—springing out from behind the bushes).—Hands up, my and gent! Old cat bike, quick!



PAPA WHEELER.—The young scamps! I wonder what they are up to! I thought they were making direct for the parsonage and that they'd be straight ahead along the main road. I'll be up to them in three minutes.



"Hands up, Gent, and off yer wheel!"  
PAPA WHEELER (taken by surprise).—Why—er—er—my good men, I thought I was following a young man who was running off with my daughter. Certainly, you are welcome to the bicycle—I—er—er—can walk back.



"O Reginald! I knew it! I knew it! Here comes Papa after us on his wheel. He will overtake us. He is one of the fastest riders in this part of the country."



"Well, lah, lah, Doreya! Walkin' 's good, try it!"



REGINALD.—Did you hear what he said, Clara? He takes those two tramps to be us. The God of Love has turned our misfortune into a blessing. While your papa is chasing the tramps we will hasten to your parsonage. Come, quick! What care I for the loss of a bicycle if I gain you?



(On his return, meeting his daughter and REGINALD coming from the parsonage).—What!—you—yes here you are! CLARA.—Yes, father. We have just come from the parsonage. Did those wicked tramps take your bicycle, too?



"Oh! he is gaining on us rapidly. He will be up with us in five minutes! We are lost. Oh! is it too bad!—and the next cross-road leads to the parsonage, too."



REGINALD.—And here comes your father. Oh! little is swift! We can't face him now; he will be too angry. Let us hide behind these bushes till he passes.



TORON TATERS (to his partner).—Say! dat ole jay 's been follerin' us now fer five miles. Let 's turn round an' hold him up. We kin use all de bikes we kin get in our business.



PAPA WHEELER (sighing).—Well, what is done can't be undone. A man who can't turn adversity into success! Deserting of any woman. Bless you, my children, bless you!